

SETTLED OUT
...OF COURT.

(Original.)

Rufus Choate Timborton was a very eminent lawyer. He had so much business to attend to that he could do little himself but take up cases that had been prepared for him by his large staff of assistants. It was necessary that he should have every detail carefully placed before him. His position might be compared to that of a railroad train running on automatic switches. Anything wrong in a mechanical detail may wreck the train; anything wrong in Mr. Timborton's data might wreck his case.

It was natural, then, that he should exact great care from his assistants. Any one of them failing to keep him, as it were, running on the right track was instantly discharged. But they had all been with him a long while and had become so used to their duties that there never was not or bit of the office machinery misplaced.

Mr. Timborton was one morning in court attending to a divorce case. He did not take divorce cases as a rule, but in this one his client was very rich and his fee was to be enormous. Both the husband and wife were in court. Mr. Timborton always instructed his clients to blind obedience to his methods, and whatever he did or said in the courtroom was to be accepted without question as a part of his scheme. His assistant, Mr. Pinky, who had prepared the present case for him, was in court and sat beside his chief with a bundle of papers before him. Mr. Pinky was a lean man of twenty-seven who looked anywhere from thirty to fifty. Mr. Timborton was addressing the court.

"It is stated in the plea," he said, "that this woman has rendered the man's life a burden. We shall show how she neglected her home, turned her children over to nurses and spent her time among the fashionable multimillionaires who are the money power of this republic and country and would gladly, if they could, turn it over to a monarch of their own choosing. At evening, when her hardworking husband came to his home, what did he find? A wife to meet him at the door with a smile of welcome and a conchial kiss? No. She was either driving in the park or losing his hard earned money in some place where our commercial aristocracy gambles at the game of bridge."

That Mr. Pinky feared something had gone wrong with the office posting system was evident from the fact that he dived into the papers before him, pulled out one and hastily examined it. "There is nothing," continued the speaker, "so beautiful as the home. The good book tells us that our Maker created man in his own image. And what is the family but a miniature of the immortal father and his mortal children? When a woman—"

Mr. Timborton was interrupted by a pull at his coat sleeve. He paid no attention to it. In a few moments he was interrupted by another pull. Glancing down angrily, he saw Mr. Pinky looking up at him with dismay, holding a paper for his chief to see and pointing with his finger to a certain place. The learned lawyer saw at once that he had made a mistake. His assistant had not made it. He had retained by the wife whom he was holding up as a violator of domestic comfort.

If there is one faculty that goes to make up greatness it is resource. Mr. Timborton took time only to abuse his assistant in a whisper for not before calling his attention to his error; then he turned serene and faced the court.

"In these days of legal chicanery," he went on, "it behooves one intrusted with a client's interests to forestall those tricky methods that are resorted to by unscrupulous attorneys. I have preferred to state the case against my client myself. What I have told you about this much abused, long suffering woman will be told by her husband's attorney. But how will it be told? By placing even a worse construction than I have placed on it. He will put upon her the popular obliquity of riches. Who owned these millions but the man who is suing one whom I shall show by competent witnesses to be a virtuous, a domestic wife and mother? You will be told of the iniquity of bridge whist, but you will not be told that my client does not know the game. You will have the sacredness of the family held up before you, but instead of being told that the breach has been made in this case by this profligate man whose sins cry out against him they will be laid at the door of his faithful wife."

At this juncture the husband cast a glance at his wife, and at the same moment the wife cast a glance at the husband. Her lips broke into a smile, which was reflected on his. They were a wealthy young couple who had found the bridge between romance and married life quite as difficult to pass as most couples, if not more so. Mr. Timborton saw both smiles, and his rare genius found still another field.

"My experience," he continued, "in this case, your honor, before it came to trial convinced me that it was one to be settled out of court. In conducting it I have adopted the reduction of absurd argument, which in English means reduction to an absurdity. I have shown both the plaintiff and the defendant how shallow are the reasons that may be brought forth on either side. I have given those of my distinguished opponent as well as my own. I now move an adjournment of the case, during which the parties may confer with a view to a settlement."

The case was settled out of court.

Dolce Far Niente.

A German tourist expresses the opinion that doing nothing is the nations' occupation of Koreans.

Produce much, consume little, labor diligently, speak cautiously.—Chinese proverb.

DEATH FOR
STOESSELThe Verdict of the Russian
Courtmartial

HAS BEEN CONVICTED

For the Surrender of Port Arthur—The
Court Recommends Sentence Be Com-
muted—Stoessel No Hero, Only
a Mediocre Soldier.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 21.—General Stoessel has been condemned to death. General Fock has been reprimanded and Generals Smirnov and Reiss have been acquitted.

The court recommends that the death sentence upon Stoessel be commuted to imprisonment for 10 years in a fortress and that he be excluded from the service.

The court retired to consider its verdict Wednesday and sentries were kept on duty at the doors leading to the judges' room. It is believed that the length of time spent in consultation was due to difficulty in reaching a decision.

The court declared that the surrender of Port Arthur was clearly unnecessary at that time. Generals Fock and Reiss were found not guilty and were discharged.

WIFE DENIES THAW
IS SEEKING DIVORCEReport Is His Family Wants the Sepa-
ration on the Ground That He
Was Insane at the
Wedding.

New York, Feb. 21.—Reports that plans were being put into effect as rapidly as possible by the family of Harry K. Thaw to bring about a legal separation from his wife were denied by Daniel O'Reilly, personal counsel for Mrs. Harry K. Thaw and attorney for her husband. Mrs. Thaw added her denial to that of her lawyer.

Mrs. Harry K. Thaw said: "This is the last denial I shall make of the stories that are being circulated about a proposed separation from my husband. They are false in every way. It is also untrue that I dined at the Cafe Boulevard with E. R. Thomas Monday evening. I do not even know Mr. Thomas, and I am sure he must feel very badly about being unjustly brought into notice in this way. I spent the evening at home."

According to a report, Thaw's family is arranging to obtain a separation on the ground that he was insane at the time of his marriage, which fact, if it should be established, would constitute a ground for the annulment of the marriage under the law of Pennsylvania. It is said that while Thaw's family is willing to make ample provision for the support of his wife, extravagant demands for money will be refused.

Daniel O'Reilly said no lump sum ever had been agreed upon at any time as compensation for the support given her husband by Mrs. Harry Thaw during the trial. Such support, he said, was given solely from a desire to help obtain the freedom of her husband.

Dr. George W. Jacoby has begun a series of visits to Thaw at Matteawan. Dr. Jacoby is a specialist in mental and nervous diseases.

By the common consent it has been decided that the battle for Thaw's liberation from Matteawan shall be delayed. But no time is being lost in getting material for the presentation of his case before a commission. The tangle in preparations for the fight has been caused by the desire of the mother to have the Thaw family rid of Evelyn Thaw first.

DIVORCE TRADE WORTH
MILLIONS TO SOUTH DAKOTALast Year Was Dull, But 552 Decrees
Were Granted—Why State Fights
to Keep the Business.

Pierre, S. D., Feb. 21.—In the annual report of the bureau of vital statistics, made plain the reason why South Dakota doesn't want to give up the divorce business. The bureau's report shows that in the year 1907 a total of 552 divorces were granted in the state, of which 320 were non-residents, and it was a dull year in the divorce market, too.

The average spent by divorcees within their six months' residence in South Dakota is not less than \$200 a month, and probably much more, but, estimating the average cost of a Dakota divorce, including the expense of setting up a residence, payment of attorneys' fees and court costs, at \$1,200, the state of South Dakota last year too in \$480,000 as inducement for granting the 320 divorces to non-residents.

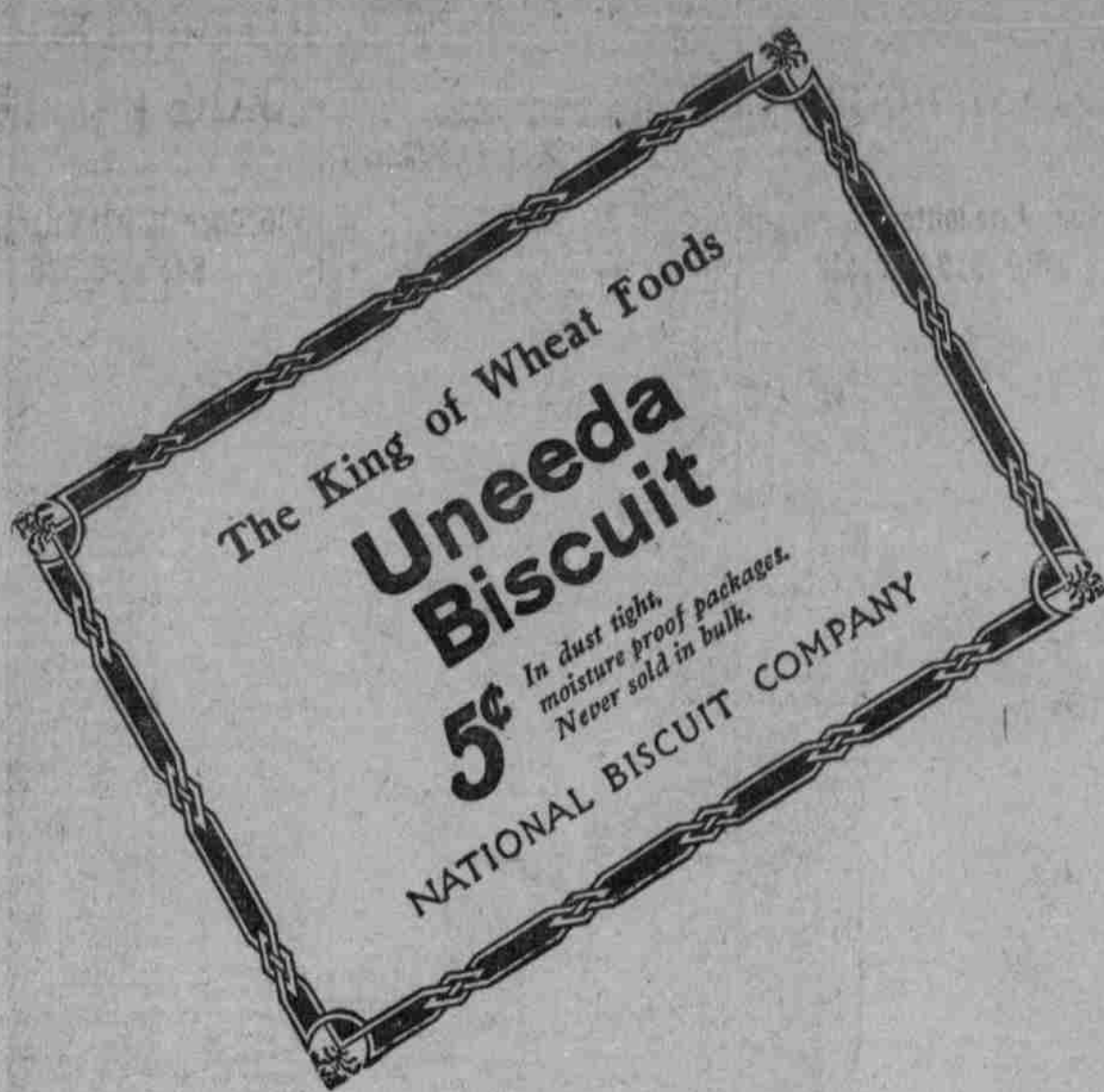
While 1907 was decidedly boarish in the divorce trade owing to the agitation in the state for its abolishment, if the income for the last year is taken as an average, South Dakota has realized \$5,000,000 from her divorce mill in the last decade.

Lawyers profit to the extent of \$12,000 a year from the outside business. Physicians find opportunity to charge fancy fees and dentists and dog fanciers count upon this trade in this yearly estimate.

Because this stream of money is constantly pouring into the state, and for no other reason whatever, Sioux Falls divorce lawyers caused the preparation of a petition submitting to a referendum vote a law passed by the legislature a year ago, that if approved will effectually end the divorce trade in South Dakota. The statute is very simple, providing that the plaintiff in action for divorce must have been an actual resident in good faith of the state for one year.

Campaign Fund of \$25,000.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 20.—A campaign fund of \$25,000 for the election of a Bryan delegation from Pennsylvania to the Democratic national convention was raised at a meeting here yesterday of an executive committee of the Bryan Democratic league of Pennsylvania.



THE SCRAP BOOK

At One Fell Swoop.

"Have you got any of those preparations for removing superfluous hair?" asks the man who enters the drug store with a firm tread and a set countenance.

"Yes, sir," answers the druggist. "Give me a pint. I want to use it on my head."

"But, man, you haven't got any superfluous hair on your head. You're nearly bald now."

"I know it. And I've got so aggravated and tired watching the confounded hair leaking off day by day that I want to remove the rest of it at one sweep and have the agony over."

Shakespeare Notwithstanding. "Is there anything in a name?" inquired the man with mouse colored whiskers. "You can bet there is. Name a boy Stuyvesant or Van Rensselaer or Gouverneur and he'll never hold anything but a first class job. Nobody will ever dare ask him to swab windows or mop floors. And by the time he's forty he'll be head of a trust company and director in twenty-seven prominent concerns. Oh, yes; there's a heap in a name, lemme tell you."—Washington Herald.

The Cheerful Suburbanites. His back is straight, his lungs are strong. His cheeks with vigor glow. Because—oh, no! That's where you're wrong. He never shovels snow! He finds the simple life a joy. His cup of bliss has no alloy. He always hires a neighbor's boy To shovel the heaviest snow. —Chicago Tribune.

Saw Her Chance. "No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," said the girl as she was about to leave the gate. "Suppose I agree to be your future?" "Why, then, I'll kiss you," she said eagerly. And she did.

Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called on him the next day to arrange matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was a very mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on the garden gate.

Men's Ways. We often hear women criticised for their queer ways of doing things, but we rise to call attention to the queer ways many good men have of not doing things. —Mallock Enterprise.

SANG HER VERY BEST.

Frederick the Great Was Posted and
Marie Frausich Was Wise.

There is a good story told of a prima donna named Marie Frausich, who lived in the time of Frederick the Great. Whenever anything or anybody displeased the haughty Frausich she, after the manner of prima donnas in general, would suddenly become too hoarse to sing. One evening there was to be sung an opera in her repertory, and it was expected that the king would attend.

At the appointed hour the manager came forward and announced that, owing to a sore throat, Frausich was unable to appear.

The people were preparing to leave the house, but his majesty rose and commanded them to keep their seats. A few moments afterward an officer and four dragons entered the capricious singer's room.

"Frausich," said the officer, "the king inquires after your health."

"The king is very good," said Frausich, with a pout, "but I have a sore throat."

"His majesty is aware of the fact and has charged me to take you to the military hospital to be cured."

Frausich, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting, but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in persiflage. Soon she found herself in a coach with four men.

"I am a little better now," Frausich faltered, "and I will try to sing."

"Back to the theater!" said the officer to the coachman.

The fraulein began to think she had yielded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best," she interposed.

"Gardon, fraulein," responded the officer, "but I think you will."

"Because two dragons in attendance behind the scenes have orders to carry you off to the military hospital at the least cough."

Frausich never sang better than she did that night. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Men's Ways. We often hear women criticised for their queer ways of doing things, but we rise to call attention to the queer ways many good men have of not doing things. —Mallock Enterprise.

WOMAN'S WORLD

SERVIETTE SACHET.

Fashioned From Flax Net, With Ap-
pique of Irish Lace.

A new fancy, which admirably admits of the combination of two popular varieties of lace, is the serviette sachet, fashioned from flax net, with applique of Irish crochet lace.

These sachets are easily made in either oblong or square envelope shape.



A LACE SERVIETTE.

The design pictured is six inches square, with pleat border and motif in Irish crochet.

The net has the now popular swastika design worked in point de repasse stitch at each corner and on each flap. The smaller swastika occupies a square of twelve meshes and the larger a square of sixteen inches.

The shape is first cut out of the flax net, allowing one row of meshes all around beyond the size required. It must then be overcast with a rather coarse cotton thread, putting the needle through the second row of meshes all around.

After working the designs and lines on the flax net this motif is applied on the center of the square by stitching it all around the edges on the reverse of the work. The sachet is then carefully pressed, first before folding into shape and afterward along the edges all around so that it may lie flat.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

To obviate indigestion drink your coffee perfectly clear without milk or cream, and you will avoid any difficulty in that direction.

Getting the nails flexible is the first process in improving their shape, and this work is accomplished largely by the use of grease. For this purpose glycerin or sweet almond oil is excellent, for both are very penetrating.

For strained or inflamed eyes make a solution of boric acid and warm water or of hydrogen peroxide and warm water and bathe the eyes by the use of an eye-cup. A medicine dropper is good for this purpose, though more tedious to handle.

If your skin is inclined to break out or be red and mottled, forewarn hot cakes except on extra occasions. Nothing is more ruinous to the complexion than our American breakfast of hot cakes loaded with butter and possibly maple sirup eaten for 235 days in the year.

This cough sirup is easily made and very good: Take a small handful of dried hops and a small handful of dried horehound and put into a cup of cold water. Let this steep until the strength of the herbs is drawn out, then strain through a cloth. Add to this one cupful of honey and two cupfuls of sugar. Let this mixture boil until thick. Pour into a wide mouthed bottle or small jar and it is ready for use. One teaspoonful every half hour until the cough is relieved.

Women say that men are all alike, but when two men fall in love with the same woman a difference soon exists between them.

It has been observed that they who most loudly clamor for liberty do not most liberally grant it.—Sam Johnson.

A Healthy Girl. Geraldine—Fruit is healthy. Geraldine—Aren't you glad you are a peach?—St. Louis Republic.

Incredible. Customer (looking over his bill): You have made two mistakes in this bill once in your favor and once in mine. Waiter—In your favor? Where?—Littell Blatter.

COOLNESS
AND NERVEStory of the Last Deal in a
Lively Game of Poker.

A FORTUNE ON THE TABLE

The Hand That Won Rich Stakes and
the Man Who Held It—What Sena-
tor Sharon Had to Pay to Satisfy
His Lingering Curiosity.

There were many lively games of poker played in San Francisco in the old days, and many good stories have been told of the nerve and coolness of the players who participated therein. The following story of one of these games was printed in a San Francisco paper some years ago:

The Palace hotel in the early days of its existence was the arena of some big poker games. Senator Sharon was an enthusiastic lover of the game, and when it happened that Senators Stewart and Jones of Nevada and Judge Dick Mesick "occurred" in the hotel at the same time there was sure to be hot work. It happened upon one of these occasions that a certain Mr. Hall from Boston was at the hotel.

Mr. Hall was a smooth and affable gentleman and completely won Senator Sharon's heart because of his love for Byron and his excellent memory, he being able to quote hundreds of lines of the poet's verse without a halt. Byron was Sharon's favorite bard. He had made his works his life's study, and any one who appreciated him had a call on the senator's friendship.

On a certain evening the three senators and Judge Mesick met in the hotel lobby. It was just before dinner, and while they were chatting Mr. Hall put in an appearance. Mr. Sharon at once introduced Mr. Hall to his friends and invited the party to dinner, which was served in Senator Sharon's room.

After dinner Mesick proposed a little game of "draw." No one said nay, though Mr. Hall diffidently remarked that they did not play much in Boston, where he came from, but that still he was willing to stand in and do his best.

"Look out for Hall," remarked Sharon. "I never heard a man make that remark yet who was not to be watched." He spoke in jest, but his words were sooth.

The cards were produced, and the game at a dollar ante was inaugurated. There was no limit. Now, with such veterans as Mesick, Jones and Stewart the pot was not allowed to get cold for lack of chipping. The men played with varying success, and things ran pretty even for an hour or so. Mr. Hall was cautious and dribbled away his chips with indifference. After one of Hall's deals Mr. Stewart hopped in with a twenty dollar bet. Jones, evidently pleased with his hand, saw him and went \$50 better. Mesick and Sharon were not afraid and took some of the pie themselves. Mr. Hall, the dealer, scanned his hand carefully and concluded that there was something in it for him. All drew—Hall one card—and then the fun began. Round and round again went the "deal." Stewart and Jones dropped out. Mesick stood a few more raises and then retired, leaving the fight to Sharon and Hall. There was by this time \$20,000 in the pot.

"I'll raise you \$10,000, Mr. Hall," said Sharon, his thin lips set and his voice low and determined.

Hall's answer was to ring the bell, and when the waiter appeared he asked him for a blank California bank check.

"I presume, gentlemen, my check is as good as cash," he said politely.

"Certainly, sir," replied Senator Sharon. "You see our checks in the pot already."

Slowly and deliberately Hall filled out the check, signed it and spread the blotter over it without a tremor. Then he pushed it quietly to the center of the table and said:

"I have seen your \$10,000, senator, and go you \$15,000 better."

Sharon looked at him steadily for some moments. Hall's composure was perfect. There was a half smile of confidence on his face, but no indication of boastfulness or excitement.

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I feel sure you hold the better hand, and I do not care to waste my money. The pot is yours, sir."

Without any appearance of exultation Hall raked in the coin, bills and checks, separated them and put them in his pockets. Meanwhile his hand lay face down on the table.

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I will give you \$100 if you will show me your hand."

"Senator Sharon," replied the Bostonian, "it is not enough. Nor would I show it to you now for \$1,000. Still, to satisfy your curiosity, I will put this hand in an envelope, seal it up in your presence and put it in the hotel safe, to be called for by you ten days hence, but upon this condition: That you will put \$250 in an envelope, to go into the hotel safe and to be delivered to me nine days hence."

Sharon reflected for a few minutes. It was a struggle between curiosity and coin. Finally curiosity conquered, and both envelopes were sealed and entrusted to the custody of the clerk. When the ten days elapsed, Mr. Sharon called for his package and examined the hand—nothing but a pair of deuces and ten high. He had been the victim of a colossal bluff.

There was a difference between the two men. The one was a victim of a colossal bluff, the other was a victor.

SCIENCE
AND CONSUMPTION

Active work has been begun by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to carry out the work outlined by the International Congress on Tuberculosis, held in Washington in September. It is believed possible to stamp out the disease, and the prediction has been made that in coming generations consumption will be as rare as smallpox is now.

It is to everybody's interest to help in this work by caring for the individual health. Neglect of a cough or cold is often the forerunner of more serious trouble. Every precaution should be taken to prevent a cold from settling on the lungs. To break up a cold quickly and cure any cough that is curable, there is nothing more effective than Virgin Oil of Pine (pure). This preparation possesses all the therapeutic virtues that have made the atmosphere of the pine forests noted for its healing effect in cases of throat, lung and bronchial affections.

Virgin Oil of Pine (pure) is put up for dispensing through druggists in 1-2 ounce vials only, each vial securely sealed in a round wooden case with an engraved wrapper showing plainly the name—Virgin Oil of Pine compound, pure, prepared only by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE STOOL PIGEON.

His Part in Capturing the Wild Birds
in Former Times.

There are occasional reports of small flocks of wild pigeons having been seen in different parts of the United States and Canada. Possibly these are the harbingers of their return from South America, whence they migrated for some unknown reason fifty years ago.

It may not be generally known that the somewhat odious term "stool pigeon" as used today arose from the stool pigeon that used to be employed in catching wild pigeons in former times. They used to be so plenty that they were taken in great numbers by the use of spring nets. These nets varied in size, but were from two to ten yards long and were half as wide. They were concealed as much as possible, being partly covered with hay or straw or whatever was most suitable. At each end was a strong spring, to which ropes were attached, something like 150 feet long, to where the watcher was concealed. Close to the net was a stool, or stand, where the "stool pigeon," usually a tame or captured one, was placed. The pigeon was tied by the feet to the stool, and from this stool a rope extended to the person in concealment. When or some other grain was scattered about the net, and when the flock was passing the rope attached to the stool was pulled, causing the pigeon to rise and flutter its wings in trying to escape. This attracted the attention of the passing flock and induced them to light where the grain had been scattered. Then a slight pull on the ropes would release the spring to the net, which would be thrown over them so quickly that they had no time to escape. Sometimes many hundreds were captured in this way at a single haul.—Amateur Sportsman.

The Infatigable Man. The most dull and wishy washy man in all the world must be he who never makes a mistake. But he is double dyed when he will make no mistake himself and lose sleep over the mistakes of his neighbor.—Manchester Union.

The Rainy Weather. Miss Rinkins—Everything costs so much nowadays! I suppose I'll have to live plainer. Miss Sharpington—Why, my dear, you couldn't be any plainer and live.—London Telegraph.

A rat may flood a province.—German Proverb.

The Pills That Cure WEAK WOMEN

"My limbs ached and I had a terrible pain in my right side. My weight fell from 145 pounds to 99 pounds, I had no appetite, my kidneys were affected, and I had headaches, backaches and fainting spells. As my doctor did not help me, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and now I am cured and in the best of health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills built up my whole system and I gained 30 pounds in weight."—Mrs. Jacob H. Denny, 257 North Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A booklet of valuable information, entitled "Plain Talks to Women," will be sent free to any woman. It is particularly interesting to mothers of growing girls who become pale, thin and listless as they approach womanhood.

Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS

Get one box; 6 boxes, \$2.00, as all druggists or from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Customer (looking over his bill): You have made two mistakes in this bill once in your favor and once in mine. Waiter—In your favor? Where?—Littell Blatter.